

NEW YORK HERALD

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will be understood by those who race horses for the pleasure of seeing them searched in these tests of the course, and everybody interested in the trotter will applaud the Ohio sportsman for her action. The meetings at North Randall are delightful gatherings, attracting from all parts of the United States men and women with whom the light harness horse is a favorite.

With Peter Manning, 2:02½, and Arion Guy, 2:04½, out of it, the \$15,000 North Randall trot ought to be a great and thrilling race. Many good judges believe that the prize will come to New York, as Antey Guy, 2:03½, and Nedda, 2:03½, are both owned here, the former by OTTINER brothers, while the latter was bred by W. B. DICKMAN at his Hillandale stud near Mamaroneck, and will return to its pastures when her racing days are over. Antey Guy, 2:03½, is by Guy Axworthy, 2:08½, while Nedda is a daughter of Atlantic Belle, 2:07½, a fine young son of Bellini, 2:13½, out of the great campaigner Expressive, 2:12½, whose dam was the thoroughbred mare Esther, by Express.

The Revised Reparations.

In the new reparations demands of the Allies, so revised as to make them more flexible and more workable, we do not know that THE NEW YORK HERALD has played any part. It may be that it has; it may be that it has not. But we do know that the revision is in line with the contentions of this newspaper in that the general reparations are now fixed on a sliding scale so adjusted as to meet Germany's capacity to pay. Instead of arriving through mediation at the amount Germany is capable of paying the Commission happily evolved the plan set forth in the protocol, which achieves much the same thing as would have come through mediation.

THE NEW YORK HERALD is gratified over this much improved plan for meeting a most difficult and most dangerous situation, and if its discussions had any part in the modification of the Allies' demands we have a double cause for gratification. However this may be, THE NEW YORK HERALD lived up to its responsibilities as a newspaper in conscientiously expressing its convictions on a great international problem so far reaching that it interlaces the whole world.

Two Men, After Four Years.

Four years ago two young men Americans took different views of their duty toward their country. One of them marched away from New York with the 308th Infantry and in the Argonne Forest, after his arm was broken and his pistol empty, captured a German machine gun and its crew of eight men. The other young man fought the draft law and by wiggling escaped service.

That was four years ago. Yesterday the man who won the Medal of Honor in the Argonne and who is now making a living as a salesman was explaining that the United States Government, which had just issued his name on the list of slackers, was mistaken about him. Coincidentally the other young man—the one who escaped the draft—was the hero of two public luncheons and three dinners at Atlantic City, where the Mayor officially received him and presented the freedom of the cheering city to him.

Ye who are students of mockeries need not hark back to Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. Just consider the cases of BENJAMIN KAUFMAN, ex-sergeant, Company K, 308th Infantry, and JACK DEMPSEY.

New Quest for Golden Fleece.

The Reparations Commission at Paris has for settlement no stranger claim and none perhaps more ancient than the one just brought before it by Belgium. What the Belgians are asking the Commission to award them is the precious Golden Fleece which was liberally sprinkled with the gold of the dukes of Burgundy 500 years ago, and which was carried away from Bruges to Spain, all the time increasing in weight from the wealth of yellow dust it gathered, to be appropriated eventually by the Austrian Hapsburgs. Or, putting the matter bluntly, the Belgians want the treasure of the famous Order of the Golden Fleece, which they assert belongs to them and which the Austrians will not give up.

The Belgians are not interested in whether this historic order of knighthood originated from the Scriptural story of Gideon, the classical myth of Jason's voyage, or the golden tresses of the beautiful MARIE DE RAMBOURG. They say that PHILIP the Good, Duke of Burgundy, established the order at Bruges and dedicated it to his bride on the eve of his marriage. When the line of the house of Burgundy became extinct the order and its treasure were gathered up by the Hapsburgs and carried away to Spain. It became the most coveted order of knighthood; its councils were presided over by the Kings of Spain, and into its coffers were poured the riches of the Spanish grandees. The order was divided into two branches, the Spanish and the Austrian, by the extinction of the Hapsburg dynasty in Spain and the great bulk of the treasure was carried away by the Austrian branch to Vienna.

Some of the wealth of the order was in the strong room of the imperial palace at Vienna. Among the treasures were the jewel of the Golden Fleece, composed of 150 brilliants, with the Frankfort solitaire of forty-two and one-half carats as a centerpiece; a golden cross of 648 brilliants

and many other smaller pieces, and rare collars and decorations. But the actual wealth of the order was first revealed to the world when a magnificent collection of relics, portraits and precious stones, which had accumulated in the centuries, was shown at Bruges fifteen years ago. While Austria and Spain have fought for years over the honors, distinction and wealth of the order, little Belgium has never permitted her claim to die. She has placed her demand in the four centuries of her insistence upon every possible basis of right—historical, traditional and national.

There may be less romance in this practical age than in the days of knightly—least honors as represented by the Order of the Golden Fleece are not so much sought after as in the past. To-day Belgium would be satisfied to let some other State have the traditions and history if she could have the treasure. It is a prize worth having, and like Jason of old she has gone out in search of it.

Jeanne d'Arc on Long Island.

It is unnecessary to point out to our readers the offensive quality of the subjoined quotation, apparently based on a French original by its German author and reprinted in this country in the edition of the *Living Age* for April 16 of this year:

"JEANNE D'ARC ON LONG ISLAND. From Paris, by way of a German channel, comes the following comment regarding a statue of JEANNE D'ARC said to have been recently placed in a church at Elmhurst, Long Island.

"Introducing the anecdote with the observation that no such statue has been set up in England, and that the incident has been featured as an indication of Franco-American friendship, the narrator says:

"The statue has a history. The details are not yet fully known. One of the boulevard dailies has merely hinted at the story.

"Soldiers of the Sixtieth Regiment of the United States Infantry took the statue home with them. 'They did not collect public subscriptions and commission a sculptor to make it.

"Neither are such statues of more than life size commonly found in antiquary shops.

"So our Paris newspaper remarks that it is surmised that some French commune is mourning the loss of one of its works of art.

"Of course, this paper says, no one would accuse the soldiers of stealing such a monument. (The German comment is that this is a charge reserved for the Hun.)

"The Americans carried off the statue in an excess of enthusiasm, as a memorial of the sacred cause of the Allies."

As this undisciplined German writer says, the statue of ST. JEANNE D'ARC recently set up on Long Island has a history, but it is not a tale of ruthless looting which his comment suggests. It involves, instead, a record of friendship and mutual esteem marked by a transaction in which the participants, French and American, may well take pride.

For four years the memorial under discussion stood on the firing line in France, midway between the villages of Ban-de-Laveline and Wisenbach, which together form a single parish. In 1914 the pastor of the two villages was taken prisoner by the Germans and held hostage for the good conduct of Wisenbach, which was occupied by them during the entire four years of the war. Ban-de-Laveline thus was left without a priest.

When the American Expeditionary Forces arrived in France the Sixtieth Regiment of Infantry, an organization of the Regular Army serving in the Fifth Division, took over the trenches which ran through the village of Ban-de-Laveline. The chaplain of this regiment was the Rev. Father WAMO G. MEHMAN, S. T. D., an energetic and devoted priest, who, finding the village without a pastor, sought and obtained from the American army command and from the bishop of the diocese permission to perform the duties of the village parish in the hours he could spare from his military office. This labor he did without impairment of his work in his regiment.

Upon the return of the American Expeditionary Forces to their home Father MEHMAN resigned his commission to become pastor of a new parish then being organized in Elmhurst, and which was to come into being June 1, 1920. No name had as yet been chosen for the parish, and the canonization of ST. JEANNE D'ARC on May 16 of that year suggesting that her name be given to it, this was done, the Anglicized form, ST. JOAN of ARC, being used for this purpose. The parish was the first in the United States, if not in America, to bear the name.

In recognition of this the statue of ST. JEANNE D'ARC which had stood on the firing line in France near Ban-de-Laveline was presented by the people of that village to the parishioners of St. Joan of Arc in Elmhurst, and it now ornaments the church edifice, testifying to the services in France of the American soldiers and to the respect and affection in which Father MEHMAN is held by the French flock to which he ministered while on duty with the Sixtieth Regiment abroad.

The statue came to this country in January of this year. It was erected and solemnly blessed Sunday, January 30. Father MEHMAN officiated, assisted by the Rev. Father JOHN FINN, his successor as chaplain of the Sixtieth United States Infantry; the Rev. Father R. J. HAMILTON, fire chaplain of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Father JAMES McMAHON, rector of

St. Leo's Church, Corona. Father FINN preached on the life of ST. JOAN of ARC.

With the gift came the pledge of the people of Wisenbach and Ban-de-Laveline, through their priest, the Abbé PUEKROT, that they would set aside each successive St. Joan of Arc's Day (May 28) for the decoration of the graves of the American soldiers who sleep in France in the little churchyard at Ban-de-Laveline. Here it is confidently expected that the church in Elmhurst will soon be designated by the Papal authorities as a shrine to which pilgrimages will be made from all parts of the United States to pay homage to JOAN of ARC, saint of patriotism.

We have gone at length into the history of this interesting occurrence in order that the scurrilous report attributed by the *Living Age* to a German source and by that German authority credited to an unnamed French publication may be laid at rest. The Sixtieth Regiment did not steal the monument; no commune in France mourns the loss of one of its works of art. Instead the Jeanne d'Arc which survived the German invasion of France now reposes, by the generous and courteous act of its proper and legal custodians, in a Long Island church bearing the illustrious name of the heroine of France in memory of brave deeds well done; and annually in two little hamlets in France, the reason for its removal from one continent to another will be made bright in the minds of all by the ceremonies of decoration performed at the graves of strangers who died that the war should be won for freedom.

Mr. Hylan and Relativity.

So many of the thousands of New Yorkers who viewed the police parade are likewise interested in the Einstein theory that it is timely to illustrate, by one item of the parade, a minor angle of relativity. His Honor the Mayor marched up Broadway at the head of the police. The public gazed freely on the pomp and beauty which constitute far more than one-half of 1 per cent. of his makeup and are, in fact, almost intoxicating. The Mayor stepped out of the parade at Madison Square, entered the reviewing stand and inspected the gallant ranks of the police. The public had reviewed the Mayor as well as the police. The Mayor was deprived of the pleasure of reviewing himself. He missed the parade's particular pulchritude.

Now we come to the Einstein part of it. If it were possible for the Mayor to have run, or to have been propelled, from his position as chief marcher to his post as chief reviewer at a speed faster than light waves travel, MR. HYLAN, looking down from the reviewing stand, could have seen himself stepping gloriously along at the head of the bluecoats. He then, thanks to the marvels which Professor EINSTEIN unfolds, would have had as much joy out of the parade as the public had. He would have had also the ineffable pleasure of seeming to be in two places at the same time.

If, as DR. DEWEY recently suggested, Mayor HYLAN is one of the twelve persons in the world who understand the Einstein theory in toto, he knew yesterday that he, as reviewer, could see himself as parader merely by rapid transit from street to stand, bringing all visions to the eye. But he was too modest to try it, or else he feared that the sight might make him dizzy.

As we hinted, this is only a small chunk of the Einstein wisdom. No body has ever been able to make the whole theory plain to the lay mind. We are hoping that some Friday morning when things are dull in the Board of Estimate the Mayor will explain the entire business in words that even the members of the board can understand.

President CURRAN of the Borough of Manhattan watched the parade of the police from a hydrant, and Mayor HYLAN's friends wonder whether Mr. CURRAN is looking for the firemen's vote or for prohibition support.

Naval authorities send destroyers here to win recruits.—*Newspaper headline.* It is to be hoped the leaders of the marine strike will not forbid their followers to enlist in the navy.

If everybody who observes Mother's Day this year would try to do all he could for mothers every day in the year there would be some hope that a minute fraction of the debt we owe our mothers would be paid.

The election of 1920 in Hudson county, New Jersey, is described by a legislative committee which has been investigating it as a "saturnalia of crime." If it was as bad as that we may hope to see a bailor clerk or so, or perhaps even an errand boy for some auto-boss, sent to jail.

The French are gloomy over the reparations delay. The Napoleonic century reminds them of a collector who did not go through the formality of ringing the doorbell.

The Traffic Cop. There's something more majestic than The Pyramids at dawn, Mount Everest against the sky From human reach withdrawn, Niagara's everlasting falls, The ancient Euphrates, The Applan Way when twilight spins Gray webs beneath the trees.

It's any day at old Broadway And, forty-second street, Where madly speeding to and fro The tides of travel meet, When from the curb a traffic cop Of proud, commanding mien Steps out and stops with lifted hand A lordly limousine.

My Dream World. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, My old Dream World is coming back With rosy dawns and golden days, And purple dawns, before the black Of night is vibrant with my lays.

My old Dream World was lost and dead Amid the whirl of earthly life, My frozen soul, my heart that bled, Knew far too much of daily strife.

My old Dream World will live again, Forgotten thoughts will find release, And sunset's red and midday's blue Will weave their spell and bring their peace.

My old Dream World returns to me With wisdom added to its fold, My heart and soul are gay and free Because Dream Worlds are never old.

Salvors. One climbs the rigging off the icy Horn. In slippery slaps from Eastern islands

A frozen lookout in the dawns forlorn, Across the misty Banks whence comes the sound

Of fog bells from some sepulchre of ships; Long nights at futile pumps in endless round,

Stung by commands that crack like vocal whips, While seas tempestuous creaking timber pound.

One rides the seas behind the armorplate, Or surging dreadnoughts with their

Of swinging guns, A thousand others like him, clean and straight,

The superhuman of a nation's sons, For him no bitter tide of hardship runs, Drugging his splendid youth to lonely

Though he no deed of valor ever shows, On local tideways or exotic shores.

One haunts the river front where swinging doors Lead on to sloppy tables, there to crowd

And speak of bell ships where invective pours, And black régimes where one can't speak aloud,

Despairing outcries from the frozen Silence forever in the racing seas; Off Mendocino in the Flying Cloud, Or in a whaler past the Hebrides.

Above him flares the incandescent blaze Of burning Broadway, where his navy blue Colors the life along the fevered ways, Or in the environs of Sixth avenue,

He greets another superdreadnought's crew, Fresh from Guantanamo and listless Embarked on Youth's bright cruise they know no rue,

But coast the blazing lanes and pleasure miles. THOMAS J. MURRAY.

Mothers Will Be Helped.

But the Maternity Center Association Has Had to Curtail Its Work. To THE NEW YORK HERALD: As chairman of the Maternity Center Association of the city, I have been asked to make a statement in regard to the curtailment of the association's work which has been made necessary because of lack of funds.

After careful consideration of each district in Manhattan in which the Maternity Center Association was working, the board of directors decided to withdraw twelve clinics from the city, leaving only twelve clinics in the city, and to continue to act as an educational agency to teach men and women the need for and value of adequate maternity care and to urge the adoption of uniform high standards of prenatal supervision and obstetrical care by hospitals, clinics, physicians, nurses, social and health agencies working on maternity problems.

Official statistics for the city at large show for the first time in history a decrease in the mortality rate of babies under one month of age. This fact alone proves the tremendous value of the work the Maternity Center Association is doing.

NEW YORK, May 7.

Poem With Clams From Rockaway.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: About 1848 or 1850 there was an old man in town who used to peddle clams and sing:

Fine clams, fine clams, fine clams, I say, Just arrived from Rockaway! They're good to eat, they're good to fry, They're good to eat, they're good to fry, Come! buy of me and let me go!

My wife is sick and my children alone, Fine clams, fine clams, fine clams, I say, Just arrived from Rockaway. P. K. B.

The Colombian Treaty Precedent.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: Now that Mr. Harding and the Senate have permitted us to pay Colombia \$25,000,000 because Theodore Roosevelt stole the Panama Canal, is it not time they slipped Great Britain another twenty-five because George Washington stole the Thirteen Colonies? W. SCOTT CAMERON, SOUTHAMPTON, May 7.

Where "Fop" Is Useful. From a Commerce Department Report. The business day is short in India; it seldom begins before 11 o'clock in the morning. There is a "diffin" or lunch break of about an hour, long, covered by an early closing. The American salesman, accustomed to jumping from town to town on fast trains, seeing customers early and late, and finding the morning the "house," is truly the one to tackle the deliberations of India, where the "house" is best forgotten in the sales talk and where the potency of the first person singular is undeniable.

An Arkansas Sporting Note. First Creek correspondence Wynne Progress. Atlas Hen Peck Carney of Tilton, the cock fight promoter, says his chickens don't win in wars with the mocking birds have been whipping Carney's rooster. But he has one hen named "Kate O'Hare" and expects to raise a cockerel from her that will whip a bulldog and win the Tilton grand prize.

My Dream World. From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, My old Dream World is coming back With rosy dawns and golden days, And purple dawns, before the black Of night is vibrant with my lays.

My old Dream World was lost and dead Amid the whirl of earthly life, My frozen soul, my heart that bled, Knew far too much of daily strife.

Home of Wonders That Was Barnum's

The Famous Museum, With Its Curiosities and Its Strictly Moral Drama, in Civil War Days.

Another old timer asks me to reconstruct for him that paradise of his boyhood, Barnum's Museum. I have inquired of several other boys who cannot have birthday cakes now on account of the number of candles necessary to be lighted on them whether it is incumbent on me to do this and they assert that I have got to. Therefore I comply, promising that being the happy possessor, thanks to Mr. Barnum, of a yearly pass to what he used to call that "wilderness of wonderful, instructive and amusing realities," it so fell out that when not engaged in eating or sleeping or being cruelly driven to Trinity School I practically lived there.

I suppose that all grandfathers know that it was a white stone edifice, some five stories high, on the corner of Ann street and Broadway, of the site afterward occupied by Tilt's New York Hotel and now by the St. Paul Building. Its front, between the windows, was decorated with painted panels displaying animals and birds, an architectural embellishment subsequently pirated, with some modifications, by the University Club.

Over the entrance door was a balcony which supported huge transparencies depicting the wonders on exhibition and scenes from the current moral dramas presented in the lecture room, for Barnum, out of deference to the supposed prejudices of his patrons, never would call that temple of Theatres a theatre, although in fact it was one. Over the door was the legend "We study to please." Admission to grownups, twenty-five cents; children, which included anybody who could unblushingly lay claim to being less than 15 years old, fifteen cents. Boys always sat through all the performances, and every night after the last curtain some of them were more or less forcibly removed by irate and long suffering parents.

You entered a lobby and continued rearward to a small room, in the walls of which were peepholes with lenses, through which you observed brilliantly colored views of the Creation of the world, "The Great Fire of 1837," "Floods in both cases exactly alike; also "Washington's Headquarters" somewhere and "Lake Como by Moonlight," with identical landscapes, and numerous other artistic efforts, all bearing a strong family resemblance in the blueness of the skies and greenness of the vegetation. You, that you might descend into the cellar and inspect Grizzly Adams' trained bears, one of whom was pointed out as having eaten a man. Mr. Adams, atired in trapper costume, vouched for this and other interesting facts in the intervals of making their stand on their heads. Or at an earlier painted you might contemplate the efforts of a very small white whale to get out of a tank, and incidentally note the disparity in size between the actual animal and his picture on the transparency outside, which represented him as biting in two a steamship or a large battleship. Eastern, then on public exhibition at the foot of Hammond street, North River.

Then you went upstairs to the second floor, where there were three long rooms side by side, into the middle one of which you emerged to be suddenly confronted with a stuffed elephant of inflated size. Such was the primitive green and varnished. There was no Zoo in Central Park, or anywhere else for that matter, and even the crows seldom had elephants; so that this effigy, elevating its trunk in a menacing way, sometimes caused a shock to nervous visitors. Such was the real live elephant if painted green and varnished would give to their grandchildren now.

Next in line was the glass bowler, who before your very eyes melted his material and made toys from it, which you could purchase at from 6 to 25 cents each. Such was the primitive taste of society in those days that these artistic productions had place on many an étager in the parlors around Washington Parade Ground, beside daguerotypes, china seal bottles and bunches of alum preserved pampas grass. This was before the era of skeletonized cravers, homestead flowers, spatter work and air castles of perforated cardboard, and ages before the present invasion of antiques.

The sides of the middle room were lined with glass cases containing various curiosities which, on account of the cavernous darkness of the interior, it was useless to look at even if you wanted to, which nobody ever did, because attention was immediately fixed upon the living wonders—Barnum never called them freaks—which, at rapidly recurring intervals, were lectured about on the platforms at the ends of the apartment.

Easily first of these was the What Is It? The outdoor pictures showed a terrible monster some ten feet high in a luxuriant forest, where, having slain a husband, he was making off with two wives. The annexed legend demanded "Is he a man or a monkey or both?" and nothing better proved Barnum's timely enterprise, for this was exactly the question when Darwin's "Origin of Species" first appeared, and of course the What Is It? was presented as the missing link in the chain of evolution, having been duly discovered by agents of the great showman in the "pathless forests of Borneo."

He alternated with Professor Huxley, the latter, the mocking bird, who instantly added on a blackboard the long column of figures you could write there, meanwhile waving his arms wildly and shouting the sums.

The Living Skeleton was a personal friend of mine. I lent him books from my father's library, and admired greatly his rendering of Hamlet's soliloquy.

Science in Croquet.

To THE NEW YORK HERALD: I am taking the liberty to inform you that the game of croquet to-day is a very scientific one, combining as it does pool, billiards and strategy.

Let any novice try to English a 3½ pound vulcanized rubber ball—the game cannot be played with wooden ones—with a 3½ pound mallet for a time, and let him have the game explained by somebody who thoroughly understands it and he will say, just like many others, that he was up against the stiffest game to learn to play well that he had ever encountered.

NEW YORK, May 7.

Don